The True Northerner.

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OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't worth nothing to other folks
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that s what I say to my wife, says I,
Ther's Brown, the miserable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister is prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him a givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day
As it is to bring to meetin'.
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler;
Hurrah, says I, for the minister!—
Of c ourse I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk—
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin' out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you;"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
But man is a queer creation:
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellas;
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brothers';
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew
It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Says I to myself our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

A FLOWER IN THE WILDERNESS.

Do you ever judge, reader, of the character of the inmates from the physiognomy of their houses? I do. And when the stages swept round the corner I looked out eagerly, for as the driver had told me, about ten rods up the road stood the house of Philander White. His wife was my mother's own cousin, and I was just thirteen years old when I went there to make my first visit. There had been some quarrel between the two families two or three-score years anterior to my visit; and though my mother and Mrs. White never participated in this, the feud of their ancestors had doubtless involved some coldness between them.

But to cut a long story short—for the pen and paper gossip may be more dignified but not a whit better than tea table scandal—I had been an invalid all the previous winter.

When soft April days (to which my mother looked forward so eagerly) came, they brought no bloom to my cheek, no vigor to my step. My constitution seemed to have lost all its recuperative power; and the doctor said: "Send her into the country, Miss May. If that don't help her she is lost to you."

Just before this Mrs. White had learned through a mutual friend of my illness, and the very day of the blunt physician's ultimatum brought a letter to my mother.

"For the sake of my old love," it read, "let all that may have come between you and me be lost in the pleasure of better memories. The hills of Meadow Brook are clothed again with greenness, and now in this late May is the time for Jennie to come to us. There is a prophecy of health for her in the soft wind that lifts the edge of my paper as I write. We know she is your all, and we will be very tender of your darling. Will you not trust her for a single summer?"

And before another week was passed my trunk was packed and marked, "Philander White, Meadow Brook." I looked out, as I have said, and there sat the pleasant white house, with its green window blinds, the shrubbery in front, and the cherry trees behind. My heart went out to it, and at once; and it did a moment later to the gentle-voiced woman and the fair, dark-haired girl who rushed out on the front steps and kissed my cheek, said, "Cousin Jennie, you are very welcome."

But it is not all to tell you of that summer, though I look across the gray year to its picture in the Maryland of my memory that I have taken up my pen this morning. Suffice it that the mountain breezes of Meadow Brook did their work well; and when in early autumn my mother came for her child, she could hardly identify the rosy-cheeked girl who rushed in with her curls dangling about her face and held up her rosy lips for a kiss.

I think it must have been nearly two months after my domestication at Aunt Mary's—for so I call my mother's cousin—when Uncle Charles Brace, her husband's brother, visited her. He was a minister, and Cora and I had anticipated the gentleman's advent with anything but pleasant emotions. Our preconceived notions of the clergyman's elongated visage and solemn, puritanical manner, which we regarded as necessary concomitants of the profession, soon vanished before the beautiful kindling of his smile and the winning gentleness of his manner. He was Uncle Phil's youngest brother and not more than twenty-eight at that time; and his religion had deepened and harmonized his fine poetic temperament without checking the outflow of that under-current of humor which sparkled through his character. Uncle Charles was soon our companion in our rides and rambles, and our confidant in our girlish plans.

"You don't really mean so, Uncle Charlie," and Cora's bright face was lifted from the roses and geraniums we were weaving into the bouquet for the mantel. "You don't really think what you just said, that in every heart there is a fountain; some blossom in the human wilderness of every soul."

He put down his paper and came toward us. "I have not a doubt of it, my little girl. The story I was just reading of the hardened old man who cried because a child gave him a bunch of marigolds, corroborates my remark. The light that is in us cannot quite become darkness; the hearts that might bring forth a hundred-fold for harvests of heaven, will never become such deserts but some good seed will take root therein."

"I don't believe it would, though, in Farmer Keep. You don't know him as well as I do, Uncle Charlie. He's one of the richest men in all Meadow Brook; he's worth thousands and thousands. He's a bachelor, you know, and lives in the great red house on the road to Woodbury, you remember. Well, he never goes to church; he never loved a human being in his life. Now don't think Farmer Keep—why, Grandma Deane, how do you do?"

The lady whose entrance put this sudden period to my cousin's peroration, came slowly toward the rocking chair. Cora drew it out for her. She was the oldest lady in the village. The hair under her cap, white as hillside snow, had imprisoned the sunshine of fourscore and ten summers; but she still retained much of the physical stamina which, with her active sentiment, had made her so vigorous a woman for many years.

"What's that you're saying, child, about Farmer Keep?" said the old lady with a pleasant smile, as she pinned her knitting sheath to her waist.

"Why, I was telling Uncle Charlie what a cold, hard man he is. You've always known him, Grandma Deane, and now did he ever do a good thing or ever love anybody in his life?"

"Yes, he loved a girl once, I think I remember."

"Farmer Keep loved a girl once?" repeated Cora, with a half contemptous and wholly skeptical curl of her red lips.

"She's forgotten," she added in an undertone to Uncle Charlie and me, for Grandma Deane was slightly deaf.

"No, I haven't forgotten, neither," she said, placing her hand on Cora's hair; "I have held Lucy Reid on my lap too often and rocked her cradle—poor, little motherless thing!—too many times to have forgotten.

Cora's look of incredulity was giving way to one of curiosity.

"Grandma Deane, won't you tell us all about it? Jennie and I will sit down on the stool, and I know by that look in Uncle Charlie's eye, he wants to hear it, too. Come, let the flowers go, Jennie;" and my vivacious cousin established herself at the old lady's feet.

Grandma Deane slipped the yarn around her little finger and commenced: "Let me see. It cannot be more than forty-two or three years this summer since Justin Keep came up to Farmer Reid's to let himself out for the harvest boy, through harvesting. The Reid house stood a little this side of Stony Creek. There is nothing left of it now except the chimney, and it looks out gray and cold from the grass all about it; but forty years ago it was a fine old place, with lilacs, and the hop vines running all around the back. Lucy was hardly three weeks old when she lost her mother. Her father never married again and the child grew up there in the old home as fair and sweet as the flowers about her. She was turning into fifteen when Justin came that summer. He was a shy, stronge sort of a lad, and the neighbors said Farmer Reid would never get the salt for his porridge out of him. He'd been bound out until he was eighteen to some man down in Maine, and he hadn't a relation in the world he knew of, nor a decent suit of clothes, when he came to Farmer Reid's house. But for all that, Justin proved a smart, likely boy; and the farmer, who somehow was never very beforehanded—I always thought his wife's sudden death hurt him—found that Justin was a real prize.

"At first he was gloomy and silent, doing his work and taking little notice of anybody. But he couldn't stand it long before Lucy. I wouldn't like to have the heart that that girl's smile wouldn't have thawed out. She was just like a bird around the old place, singing from morn till night, and her blue eyes, that were like her mother's, seemed to be sending out one laugh and her lips another. I never wondered her father doted on her as he did, and, of course, Justin wasn't long in the house before she tried to make friends with him.

"Poor fellow! it must have seemed very strange to him at first, for I don't believe anybody had given him a kind word until he came to Meadow Brook. But he made ladders for her flowering vines to run on, and got shells for the borders, and propped up the dahlias, and did a thousand other things which took them out into the garden after supper, and made them the best of friends.

"Lucy had a playful childish way about her that made her seem much younger than she was; then she was small of her age, so that at fifteen she did not seem a bit older than you are, Cora.

"Well, she rode on top of Justin's hay cart and helped him husk corn in the barn, and pretty soon the farmer noticed a change in Justin. He got him a new suit of clothes, and his face lost its down look, and after harvesting Farmer Reid made him an offer to tarry all winter. So Justin stayed, taking Lucy's advice, and went to the district school and, though he had no education before, he went ahead of many an older scholar that winter. Justin stayed with the farmer four years; then he had a good offer somewhere in New York State, and concluded to stop for the winter only.

"Lucy Reid had grown into a young woman by this time; and a handsomer one, children, these dim eyes never looked upon. I don't know how it happened, for Lucy might have had her pick among the boys for miles around, but somehow she took to Justin, and when he left, they were engaged to be married one year from that time."

"Why, Grandma Deane! you ain't going to stop now?" cried Cora in alarm, for the old lady had laid down her knitting.

"No, my child," she said, moving her spectacles and wiping her eyes; "but the rest is a sad story, and I must hurry over it. I don't exactly know how it happened, but that winter Lucy's father got into a terrible lawsuit with Squire Wheeler. There was some flaw in the title, and the people said it was plain the old man should let the homestead go. They said, too, he'll never survive it; and better perhaps, he never had, than kept it as he did; but one day Squire Wheeler, to all the neighborhood's astonishment, rode over to the farm.

"What he did there was never exactly known; but in a little while it was rumored that the suit was withdrawn, and next spring Lucy Reid was to be married to his son, Stillman Wheeler. And so it was. One bright March day she went to the old church yonder and gave herself to him. He was a good-looking man, but never over-smart, the neighbors whispered; and I always thought that it was his father's money, more than anything else, that kept him up."

"But Justin, Grandma Deane—what became of him?"

"There is a dark look about the whole matter. Lucy was made the victim of some terrible falsehood. I never blamed her father, for the losing of the homestead seemed completely to shatter him. I only know that Squire Wheeler and his son were at the bottom of it, and that Lucy Reid went to the altar, believing that Justin had been false to her."

"Dear me, how dreadful! Did he ever come back?"

"Yes, the next May. Lucy had been a wife two months. Justin had not heard of her marriage. She was at home visiting her father. When she first saw him she fell down like one stricken with a fit. But he carried her into the house and there learned all. Both had been deceived."

"It was a terrible scene the old front room witnessed. Justin swore vengeance, and it was not till, with clasped hands and streaming eyes the young wife knelt to the only man she ever loved and pleaded for the life of her husband, that he promised for her sake to spare his life. But from the day of Justin's visit Lucy was a changed woman. All the light and gladness of her being seemed dead in her. She moved about her house pale and quiet, with a look of patient suffering in her once sunny eyes that made my heart ache to behold."

"And her husband—did she ever tell him what she had learned?"

"I think not. His father and Lucy's had died in less than two years after the marriage. The Squire was much less wealthy than was supposed. The next spring Lucy and her husband moved West, and somehow people lost sight of them."

"And Justin?"

"You know the rest, my child. He became a moody, unhappy man, asking no sympathy and giving none. But he was always smart at a bargain and in a few years he laid up enough money to buy Deacon Platt's farm when his son went South. Ever since, he has added acres to his lands and hundreds to the banks; but for all that, he is a man soured toward all his race—a man who was never known to give a little child a smile or a beggar a crust of bread. I have sometimes thought his heart was like a desert, without a tree to shade or a stream to gladden it. And yet it bore a bright blossom once; and believe me, children, for it is the word of an old woman who has seen and known much of the ways of man, it is always so. The heart may be a great wilderness, but in some of its by-ways there has grown a flower."

Cora and I looked at each other and at Uncle Charlie. Just then Aunt Mary came in. She had been out and had not heard of Gradma Deane's visit. But Cora stole up to her uncle, and, winding her arms about his neck, whispered:

"I shall believe it always, Uncle Charlie, now I have heard the story of Farmer Keep, that there is a blossom in the wilderness of every heart."

It was a sultry August day in the summer I passed at Meadow Brook. The wind, low and slumberous as the hush of a mother's voice at nightfall, crept up among the corn and down among the rye and wheatfields, that lay like broad green folds about the dwelling of Farmer Keep. There was no poem of flowers about the front yard; no graceful, harmonizing touches of creeping vine or waving curtains about the old red homestead; and yet it had a quiet, substantial, matter-of-fact physiognomy, that somehow made a home feeling about your heart.

I think it must have been this unconscious feeling which decided the course of the girl who stood at the point where the roads diverge, and gazed wistfully about her that afternoon. She seemed very tired, and her coarse straw bonnet and calico dress were covered with dust. If you had looked in her face you would not have forgotten it. It could not have been more than fifteen summers. It was very pale, and its sweet, sad beauty made you think of nothing but summer flowers drenched with summer rains. Her eyes were of that deep, moist blue that rolls out from under the edge of April clouds, and her lips, ripe and full, had that touch of sorrowfulness about them, which tells you always the heart beneath is full of tears. The girl's hand clasped tightly the little boy's by her side. The resemblance between them would have told you at once they were brother and sister, but his life could not have covered more than a third of hers. The little fellow's eyes were full of tears, and the bright curls that crept out from his hat were damp with moisture. A few minutes later she opened the broad back gate, and went to the kitchen door. Farmer Keep's housekeeper—an old woman with yellow nightcap, and check apron tied over her linsey wool skirt—answered her knock.

"Do you want any help, or do you know of any round here that does?" timidly asked the girl.

The old lady peered at her with dim eyes. "No," said she. "There ain't but four on us—Farmer Keep and the two hired men, and me. It's harvest time just now, though, and I reckon you'd find a place in the village."

"Thank you. Bennie, here, my little brother, is tired, for we walked from the depot. Can you let us come in and rest awhile?"

"Sartin you can."

The sight of the child touched the heart of the woman, and they went into the large kitchen, and sat down in the flag-bottomed chairs, while, with a glowing cheek, the girl cast about in her mind for the best manner in which to present her petition for food. Before she had decided the master of the house suddenly entered the kitchen, for it was nearly dinner time. He was a large, muscular, broad-chested, sun-burned man, with a hard, gloomy expression on his face, where fifty years were now beginning to write their history. He stood still with surprise, gazing on the new occupants of the kitchen; and the boy drew close to his sister, and the girl threw up a timid, frightened glance into the gloomy face.

"You don't know of anybody here that wants a little help, do ye, farmer?" asked the woman. "Here's a little girl that wants a place, and as she's walked from the depot, I told her she might come in and rest a bit before she went up into the village to try her luck!"

"No," shortly answered the farmer—"Dinner ready?" And the rich man turned away without one gentle or kind look for two homeless children whom God had brought to his door.

"Lucy, Lucy, don't stay here. I'm afraid." And the little boy's lip curled and quivered as he turned his face from the farmer's.

"Lucy, Lucy," how those little, trembling tones went down, down, down, into the man's hard heart! How the dead days of his youth burst out of their graves, and rushed through his memory at that low, broken, "Lucy, Lucy!" He turned and looked at the girl; not sourly, as before, but with a kind and eager questioning interest.

"What's your name?"

"Lucy Wheeler, sir."

He staggered back and caught hold of the nearest chair. "And what was your mother's?" "Lucy Reid. She used to live at Meadow Brook. So I came here to get work; she told me to before she died."

At that moment the angels looked down and saw the seed that had lain for two-score years in the heart of Justin Keep, spring up, and the flower blossom in the wilderness. He strode across the kitchen to the bewildered girl. He brushed back her bonnet and turned her face to the light. He could not be mistaken. It was the one framed and hung in the darkened room of his soul. The blue eyes of Lucy looked again in his own. At that moment the little boy pushed in between them, and gazed wistfully in the man's face. Farmer Keep sat down and took the child in his arms. He tried to speak, but, instead, great sobs came and heaved his strong chest. The trio in the kitchen gazed at them in mute astonishment.

"Lucy's children, Lucy's children!" he murmured at last, in a voice whose tenderness was like that of a mother. "God has sent you to me. For her sake this shall be your home. For her sake I will be a father to you."

Five years after, Cora wrote to me: "We are having fine times now, dear Cousin Jennie, and mamma wants to know if you do not need to renew your cheeks among the dews of Meadow Brook. Uncle Charlie is with us, and if you were also, our happiness would be complete.

"Lucy Wheeler—you remember her—has the place in my heart next to yours. Her disposition is as lovely as her face, and that is saying a great deal, for its sweet beauty does one good to behold it. Farmer Keep seems to idolize her and Bennie. He is a charming man now. He goes to church regularly every Sabbath. He spares no pains or expense in Lucy's education, and she will be an accomplished woman. She is here very often, and I have suspicions that Uncle Charlie—but no matter, I will not trust this to you and paper.

"But now, Jennie, what a lesson has all this taught me. How has it deepened my faith in God and humanity. Now when my heart yearns over the wretched, sinning outcast, I remember always that there is a flower in the wilderness.

PRINCELY INCOMES.

Enormous Wealth of the Owners of the Great Silver Mines.

Virginia City (Nev.) Correspondence of N. Y. Sun.]

The yield of the Consolidated Virginia mine in March last was $3,634,298.20. These figures are official, as I got them from Mr. Taylor, principal book-keeper. Since this mine commenced paying dividends its stockholders have received $20,000,000 in round numbers. The California mine, the richest known mine in the world, paid its first monthly dividend on the 15th instant, $1,080,000, or $2 per share for each of its 540,000 shares. These two mines pay *monthly* dividends of $2,160,000. Beginning in July, the California mine is expected to pay a monthly dividend of $3 per share, or $1,620,000 monthly. The present price per share of these stocks is, respectively: California, $80; Consolidated Virginia, $73. Like all mining stocks they are subject to startling fluctuations. The knowing ones, however, do not look for any material changes in prices of these two stocks this summer. It is not altogether a matter of speculation with regard to these mines. What ore they contain is pretty closely ascertained. At present there is enough first-class ore therein to keep the mines going for at least three years.

Col. Fair, Superintendant, is now erecting a new 80-stamp mill, in addition to the numerous mills already possessed by himself and partners. When this is finished you'll hear of some unparalleled results from the Bonanza mines. Fair expects to turn out $5,000,000 a month. He can do it. It is only a question of milling facilities. There is no lack of ore.

In view of the stupendous wealth of these mines, the question often occurs to me: What will be the eventual limit of the wealth of "Bonanza Kings?" People who have watched their fortunes with critical eyes aver that they are now worth in money and property upwards of $100,000,000. It is a common remark here that Mackay has an income of $800,000, gold, a month. Since the California mine commenced paying dividends it must have added at least $150,000 to his monthly income. I think I may say that his monthly income is in round numbers a million of dollars. I do not ask you to accept my bare statement as a fact, but beg to call your attention to the following extract from a biographical article on that gentleman, published in the San Francisco *News Letter*, March 4, inst.

It has been calculated in regard to the total income of this youngest of the quartette of "Bonanza Princes," that every minute of the day and night twenty-five golden dollars drop into his pocket with mechanical and monotonous regularity. Mr. Mackay owns three-eighths of the famous Bonanza mines, from which his income is estimated to be over $800,000 per month.

James G. Fair's income is not less than $600,000 a month; Flood's, $750,000; O'Brien's, $500,000. Now, here are four men with a gross income of nearly $3,000,000 a month, every man of them hard-working, practical business men. With $100,000,000 ahead already, and a yearly income of $36,000,000, I think it is safe to set them down in January, 1879, as the richest quartette in the world. The question is frequently asked: "What will Mackay do with his fortune?" People seem to forget that the more money a man has the more uses he finds for it. Of all the people on this coast, Mackay himself is the least anxious about finding a use for his money.

An Incident.

Some one writing in the Chicago *Tribune* relates the following incident:

Not very long ago I was riding on the cars, and an incident occurred that seemed to me so beautiful that I want to tell it for the encouragement of womankind. There were two old men sitting behind me, strangers to each other, but, like little children, comparing ages and their lives. They were seventy and seventy-five years old, both farmers, and both had recently lost their wives—one so recently that his heart was full of his sorrow, and his eyes overflowed as he talked. They were uncultured men, and of course used no fine language. Said one: "She never spoke an unkind word to me in all the fifty years I lived with her. I have been visiting my children, and going from place to place, but I am lonely all the time, and I miss her so much." The other old man said his wife was sick for many months; "but," says he, "my success in life is as much hers as mine. She was a faithful, true wife, always busy, always doing her part, and now she is gone. I am so restless all the time, and can stay nowhere long. I hope I shall soon go to her, for life is so dreary and lonely." And so they talked, comforting and sympathizing with each other. What a testimony to the lives of those two women, farmers' wives, who had lived quiet, humble lives, performed their daily duties, brought up their children, and left this monument in the hearts of their husbands! Are there plenty of such women now, and are there plenty of husbands who so appreciate their wives?

What would those men and women have said to read the three advertisements in the paper that I did to-day, "Divorces legally and quietly obtained," "Personal appearance unnecessary," "For incompatibility," etc.?

Couldn't Stand Our Climate.

An Esquimaux family lives near Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn. The captain of the Polaris brought them down from their Arctic home a few years ago. Of eleven who originally composed the family six have died and three have returned, leaving only Ebebing and Tukilitoo, whose English names are Joseph and Hannah. They suffer much from cold, having changed their fur clothing for American wear, which, they say, is full of holes that let the wind through.

Pith and Point.

WHEN parents yield up their daughters in marriage they do it with miss-givings.

WHY are many people like eggs? Because they are too full of themselves to hold anything else.

THE two places to look for Philadelphia pickpockets—the cent-ennial and the penny-tentiary.

"TWO THINGS," said Mohammed, "I abhor: the learned in his infidelities, the fool in his devotions."

WHY is "naming the day" for the wedding like a naval battle? Because it's a marry-time engagement.

TO AVOID suspicion, doctors, undertakers, milkmen and pump-makers should be distant acquaintances.

MANY a man who has not a cent in his pocket owns a corn which he would not allow you to step on for the world.

"ELEGANTLY furnished rooms to rent in a family consisting of two floors" is part of an advertisement in a New York newspaper.

A WOMAN in Macon, Ala., had twins twice, and then triplets; and after the last lot her husband ran away, and has not returned.

A BOLD rascal on an Illinois railroad train pretended to be the conductor, collected all the cash fares in two cars, and jumped off with the money.

"DIDN'T you guarantee, sir, that the horse wouldn't shy before the fire of an enemy?" "No more he won't. 'Tisn't till after the fire that he shies."

THE Glaziers' union, of Montreal, announce a grand ball. "All sash ez!"—*New York Advertiser*. Putty good. Wonder if they had any glass puddin'.—*Boston Globe*.

"SAH, did you take me for a sardine?" said a sable orator at an exciting political meeting. "No," was the reply, "I's always 'garded you as a fresh-water minnow, dat wasn't wuf picklin'."

If a pretty fairy should come to me,
And ask, "What thing would you like to be?"
I'd say, "On the whole,
I will be a mole."
Oh, that would be just the thing for me!
I'd go straight down and not care a fig
What squirming things in the ground I'd meet,
For if I were a mole I'd dig and dig
Till my nose should tickle the Chinaman's feet!

SCENE—Village inn, Hampshire. Languid Swell—'Sthawa Wifl' caw heaw? Barmaid—Beg pard'n, sir! Swell—'Sthawa Wifl 'caw heaw? Barmaid—Don't understand French, sir! Swell—Haw! (Exit.) He is supposed to have meant, is there a rifle corps, here?—*Punch*.

A FASCINATING young widow having married again, annoyed her second husband by frequent references to her first, whereat he finally remonstrated. "I dare say," replied the fond creature, pouting her pretty lips, "that you'll be glad to have me remember you when you are dead and gone and I'm married again."

THE true story is thus presented to an anxious public by the poet of the Brooklyn *Argus*:

At midnight as the Turk serenely slept,
Slept in the palace of the Teheragan—
They pinked him with a carving-knife or two,
And so he died, this Abdul Aziz Kahn.
Died as Mustapha died, and Selim III.,
Without one loyal bosom heaving o'er him;
Up toward the Crescent turned his Turkish toes,
And left five boat-loads of fair women to deplore him.

A GENTLEMAN conversing with a Brooklyn lady about the absurdity of female apparel and the frivolity of fashionable life, exclaimed: "Is there on earth a bigger fool than the mere woman of fashion?" Her questioner considered himself shut up and put down, like a disagreeable book, when the lady answered: "Yes, the man who admires her."

Choctaw Courtship.

The Cheyenne (Wyoming) *Leader* has this bit of description: "The Indians talk little under any circumstances. Thus it is to be naturally supposed that when a young fellow dons his best (which is generally set off with a calico blouse having large flaming sleeves, and his hat stuck full of feathers, with two or three yards of scarlet ribbon hanging down his back) he would be about speechless by the time he arrives at the 'old man's' mansion. After dismounting from his pony, he takes his position on the fence, and sits there till he sees his fair one at the door, when he grins audibly, and if she does likewise, he takes it for granted that he is welcome, and goes into the house, which generally consists of one room, and contains all the family, and therein he has to make his speech, which at the furthest amounts to three grunts. His success depends very much upon an invitation to smoke by the father of the courted lass. If the 'old man' has any respect for him, he lights his pipe, and after taking a whiff hands it to the young man, who in turn takes a whiff, and so proceed, whiff about. The length of time they smoke depends altogether on the esteem the father has for the beau. After a certain number of such visits he finally musters up courage enough to say 'Che-te-ha-li-de-la-li-ummi?' which means in English 'Will you have me?' If she says 'Ky-yo,' which means 'No,' he takes himself off. If she gives a grunt, the preparations are made."

THE lawyers of Ireland are indignant at a barrister who advertises in the newspapers. The ancient etiquette of the legal, or of the medical, profession is to starve rather than publish one's business in the same column with announcements of dry goods and groceries.